

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute:)
To morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meete your father and the Scottish power,
As is appoynted vs, at *Shrewsbury*:
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet.

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteene daies;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinks my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes swee cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scandle out:
He haue the currant in this place dam'd vp,
And here the strong and siluer *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent;
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how hee beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like advantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North side, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. He not haue it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Glen. I can speake *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained vp in the *English* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *English* dittie, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament:
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turn'd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the ax I-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as mising Poetry:
Tis like the fore't gate of a shut flug nag.

Glen. Come, you shall haue *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I doe not care, He giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargain, marke yee mee:
He caul on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the indentures drawne? shall wee be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
He haste the writer, and withall
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much shee doreth on her *Mortimer*.

Mor. Fie, cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime hee argues mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And of a dragon, and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulted Rauin,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the seuerall duels names,